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CHILLING...WEIRD...SPINE-TINGLING!

AMERICAN
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NO 5 MAY-JUNE

SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

10¢

YES, JAKE
HINZ...THE
BOGEY MAN'S
REAL!

Watch
AN ANCIENT CHILD-
HOOD SUPERSTITION
AWAKE TO GRIM AND
AWFUL LIFE IN

"The RISE and
FALL of the
BOGEY MAN"





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Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest.
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Name _____ Age _____

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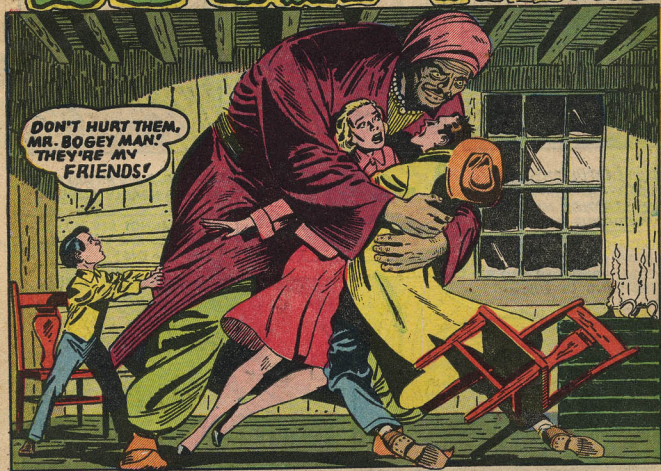
Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.



IN THE GLOOMY SHADOWS LURKS A HUGE, THREATENING SHAPE! FROM THE MISTY DEPTHS OF MEMORY, IT RISES TO HAUNT OUR DREAMS, EVIL, FORBIDDING--THE **BOGEY MAN!** AN IMAGINARY TERROR OF CHILDHOOD? OR IS IT SOMETHING EVEN MORE TERRIFYING--SOMETHING REAL? PERHAPS THE AWESOME ANSWER LIES IN THIS GRIMLY BELIEVABLE TALE OF--

the RISE and FALL of the BOGEY MAN



OUR STORY BEGINS WITH NOTHING MORE HORRIFYING THAN A MOTHER SENDING HER LITTLE BOY OUT TO PLAY--

NOW BE A GOOD BOY, BILLY-- OR THE BOGEY MAN WILL GET YOU!

OKAY, MOM-- ME AND THE FELLAS ARE GONNA DIG FOR GOLD!



AND WHERE CAN TERROR BE FOUND IN THE HAPPY VOICES OF CHILDREN?

HEY, FELLAS-- LOOK WHAT I FOUND BURIED UNDER THE ROCKS!

GOSH! LOOKS LIKE A-- BOMB!



AH, BUT CHILDISH CURIOSITY OFTEN LEADS TO--TRAGEDY! STOP, BILLY-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

LET'S OPEN IT AND SEE!

THIS OUGHTA DO IT!



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SUDDENLY, A SHARP CRACK
--AND THE MYSTERIOUS
OBJECT BURST OPEN!

THERE'S SMOKE
COMING OUT
OF IT!

LOOK
OUT! IT
MAY EX-
PLODE!



STILL FEARFUL, THE BOYS
PAUSED -- TO MARVEL AT
THE STRANGE MONSTER'S
WONDROUS TALE--

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO,
I WAS CREATED BY A
NOBLE SORCERER--TO RID
THE LAND OF EVIL---



"BUT ONE DAY, A BAND OF WICKED MEN DIS-
COVERED THE ONE THING AGAINST
WHICH I WAS HELPLESS-- AMBERGRIS?
I WAS DRUGGED, IMPRISONED --"

HA! THE AMBERGRIS
--IT WORKS! HE
SHRINKS TO
NOTHING!

IN THIS METAL
SHELL, HE WILL BE
HARMLESS-- FOR
ALL TIME! WE WILL
BURY HIM IN SOME
DISTANT LAND!



WHAT HIDEOUS THING
WAS THIS, WHOSE MASSIVE
FORM CAST AN
ANCIENT SHADOW
ACROSS THE 20TH CENTURY?

RUN! IT'S THE
BOGEY MAN!

HE'S
REAL--
AND I
ALWAYS
THOUGHT
MY FOLKS
WERE
FOOLIN'!



WAIT! DO NOT FEAR ME!
I HARM ONLY THOSE
WHO DO NOT SEE ME!
FOR I AM INVISIBLE ONLY
TO THE WICKED!

HUH?



"FOR LONG, I DID MY DUTY WELL
--SIN WAS NEARLY ENDED--"

YOU CANNOT SEE ME?
THEN YOU ARE EVIL MEN--
AND SO-- DIE!



ARGHH!

BUT NOW **YOU** HAVE RESTORED ME TO
MY ORIGINAL SELF! ONCE MORE I AM
FREE TO HELP DESTROY WICKEDNESS
IN THE WORLD!

GOSH! AN' WE
ALWAYS
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
BAD!



THUS BEGAN A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP, WITH THE BOYS LITTLE DREAMING THAT THEY COURTED **DISASTER!**

GEE, MISTER BOGEY MAN-- CAN WE HELP YOU FIGHT THE BAD MEN?

WELL, PERHAPS YOU MIGHT POINT OUT WICKED PEOPLE TO ME -- AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME! IT WOULD SAVE TIME!

I'VE HEARD THE MAYOR AND HIS GANG ARE PRETTY DURN WICKED!

GEE, I WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO TO THEM?

OH, PROBABLY SEND THEM TO BED WITHOUT ANY SUPPER -- OR MAYBE EVEN PUT THEM IN **JAIL!**

AND SO, ON A VACANT LOT THAT RANG WITH BOYISH LAUGHTER, THE SCENE WAS SET FOR A WEIRD KIND OF **TERROR!**

HMM-- LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE BUSY HERE!

PIKE STREET BOYS CLUB

REPORTER CARL TRENT ACCUSES MAYOR OF CORRUPTION

INVISIBLY, THE MONSTROUS GENIE FOUND HIS WAY TO THE CITY HALL -- THEIR TO BEGIN HIS FEARFUL CAMPAIGN--

WELL, BOYS, I SAID YOU'D BE RICH IF YOU STUCK WITH ME! THE SUCKERS AREN'T WISE TO US YET!

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET RID O' THAT NOSEY REPORTER, TRENT!

LATER, WHEN THE BOYS READ OF THE POLITICIANS' "PUNISHMENT"--

G-GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK HE MEANT TO-- **KILL ANYBODY!**

HE SAID HE'S GONNA PUNISH JAKE HINZ, THE GAMBLER, NEXT! AND I'M THE ONE WHO TOLD HIM ABOUT JAKE!

HORRIFIED AT THE SLAUGHTER THEY HAD LOOSSED UPON THE TOWN, BILLY RACED TO SEE HIS FRIEND, REPORTER CARL TRENT--

CARL-- I KNOW WHO KILLED THE MAYOR! **WHAT? C'MON --BETTER TELL IT TO THE POLICE!**

MAYOR POLITICAL AND MURDERER

REPORTER CARL TRENT

WHILE THE POLICE WAITED BREATHLESSLY--

NOW, SON, YOU SAY YOU KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THIS VICIOUS KILLER?

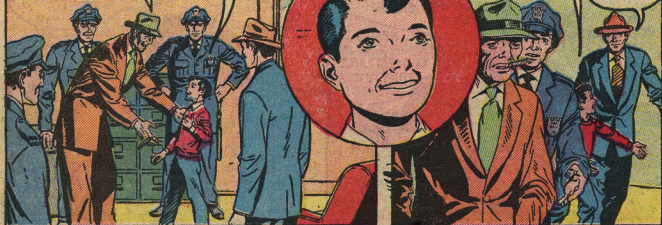
SURE I DO!

IT WAS THE BOGEY MAN!

REMEMBER, CHIEF-- HE'S ONLY A KID!

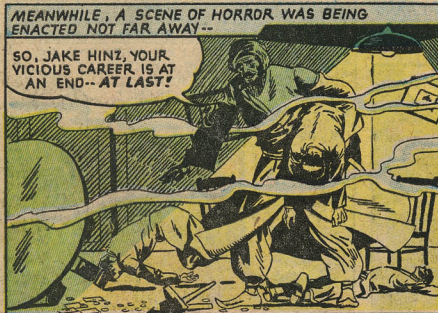
B-BUT IT WAS THE BOGEY MAN--AND HE'S GONNA KILL JAKE HINZ NEXT!

C'MON, BILLY--



MEANWHILE, A SCENE OF HORROR WAS BEING ENACTED NOT FAR AWAY--

SO, JAKE HINZ, YOUR VICIOUS CAREER IS AT AN END-- AT LAST!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS--

HEY, CHIEF-- SOMEBODY JUST WIPE OUT JAKE HINZ AND HIS WHOLE MOB!

SEE? I TOLD YOU

HUH?



QUICK-- TAKE ME TO SEE THIS "BOGEY MAN"!

SURE, HE'S AT OUR CLUBHOUSE RIGHT NOW!

ON THE WAY, BILLY TOLD CARL THE BOGEY MAN'S INCREDIBLE STORY-- AND A FEW MINUTES LATER--

IF THERE'S A BOGEY MAN-- OR ANYBODY ELSE-- IN THERE, I'M BLIND! THE PLACE LOOKS EMPTY TO ME!

THEN-- IF YOU CAN'T SEE HIM, YOU'RE BAD! GO 'WAY!



ABOUT TO LEAVE, CARL PAUSED, AS--

HELLO, BILLY-- WHY SO SORROWFUL?

HEY! THAT WAS A BASS VOICE! THERE IS SOMEBODY--OR SOMETHING--IN THERE! BILLY'S STORY MAY BE TRUE AFTER ALL!



FROM BEHIND HIM, ANOTHER VOICE-- THIS TIME A LOVELY SOPRANO--



WELL, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU-- A GROWN MAN SPYING ON CHILDREN!

EH? BUT I---



I'M NANCY GEER, BILLY'S TEACHER! HE'S BEEN ABSENT FROM SCHOOL A LOT LATELY, SO I THOUGHT I'D CHECK!

I THINK YOU'LL FIND YOUR ANSWER IN THERE!

BUT TO CARL'S HORROR, THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED-- AND A SCREAM OF FEAR TORE FROM NANCY'S THROAT!



HO, MORTALS-- CAN YOU SEE ME, OR---

WHY-- IT'S A REAL LIVE ARABIAN NIGHTS GENIE!

AND THEN CARL REMEMBERED-- THE GENIE WAS INVISIBLE TO THE WICKED-- WHOM HE QUICKLY KILLED!



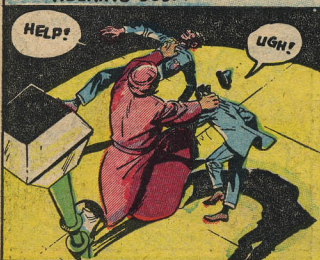
GOT TO MAKE HIM THINK I SEE HIM-- OR DIE!



WHAT A MONSTER! HORRIBLE!

AH! YOU DO SEE ME! THEN GO YOUR WAY IN PEACE!

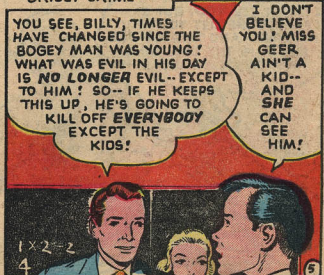
LESS FORTUNATE, THAT NIGHT, WERE THE TWO POLICEMEN WHO FAILED TO SEE THE APPROACH OF HULKING DOOM--



HELP!

UGH!

NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL, NANCY AND CARL TOLD BILLY OF THE GRISLY CRIME--



YOU SEE, BILLY, TIMES HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE BOGEY MAN WAS YOUNG! WHAT WAS EVIL IN HIS DAY IS NO LONGER EVIL-- EXCEPT TO HIM! SO-- IF HE KEEPS THIS UP, HE'S GOING TO KILL OFF EVERYBODY EXCEPT THE KIDS!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! MISS GEER, AIN'T A KID-- AND SHE CAN SEE HIM!

1 X 2 = 2
4

5

ER-- MISS GEER IS A
TEACHER--SHE UNDERSTANDS
KIDS... HER HEART IS THE
HEART OF A CHILD! BUT--
THERE AREN'T
MANY LIKE
HER!

WELL,
KIDS ARE
OKAY--
BUT WE'D
HAVE A
TOUGH TIME
WITHOUT
PEOPLE,
I GUESS! WHAT'LL
I DO TO
HELP?



WITH DESTINY HANGING IN THE
BALANCE, CARL PUT A DARING PLAN
INTO FORCE! FIRST--

ESSENCE OF AMBERGRIS?
YES, WE HAVE IT--
BUT IT'S VERY
EXPENSIVE!

NEVER
MIND--
JUST FILL
THIS
ATOMIZER!



MEANWHILE, BILLY, HIDING HIS
TERROR, SPOKE TO THE
BOGEY MAN BRAVELY--

CARL AND
NANCY WANT
TO HELP US IN
OUR FIGHT
AGAINST
EVIL! THEY'RE
BRINGING
A LIST OF
BAD PEOPLE
TO YOU--
TONIGHT!

GOOD-- I
CAN USE
HELP! THE
WORLD HAS
GROWN VERY
WICKED!



THERE
THEY
ARE
NOW!

HMM--THEY SEEM
TOO EAGER
TO HELP ME!
I MUST
WATCH FOR
TRICKERY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

THIS HAD
BETTER WORK--
OR THE THREE
OF US WILL
BE COOKED!

HERE'S THE
LIST, MR.--
ER-- BOGEY
MAN!



AS THE MONSTER TOOK THE LIST, CARL
LEAPED INTO LIGHTNING ACTION--

I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT I
CAN SEE THE LIST YOU'RE
HOLDING--AND THIS AMBER-
GRIS IS THE ONE THING
YOU CAN'T TAKE!



BUT FROM THE ATOMIZER, CAME--
NOTHING!

FOOL? YOU SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN THAT AMBER-
GRIS BECOMES SOLID IN COLD
WEATHER! NOW-- MEET THE
FATE OF ALL
EVIL ONES!

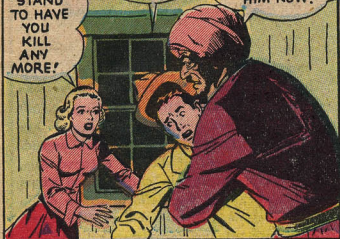


WITH CARL POISED ON THE BRINK OF DEATH,
NANCY RUSHED FORWARD, AND--

WAIT! I--
I CAN'T
STAND
TO HAVE
YOU
KILL
ANY
MORE!

NO, NANCY--
GO BACK!

STOP, WOMAN--
YOU CANNOT HELP
HIM NOW!



I MUST TELL
YOU-- SINCE I
FIRST SAW YOU,
I'VE GROWN TO--
LOVE YOU! PLEASE--
TAKE ME IN
YOUR ARMS,
MIGHTY ONE!

EH? IN TEN
THOUSAND YEARS,
NOTHING LIKE
THIS EVER
HAPPENED TO
ME! I---



THEN, AS THOUGH CHARMED BY
THE LOVELY GIRL, THE SUPER-
NATURAL GIANT RELAXED--
YOUR PRESENCE-- SOOTHES
ME... I FEEL-- SLEEPY--

GOOD-- THAT'S
HOW I'D
HOPED
YOU'D BE--
DARLING!



WHAT STRANGE CHANGE WAS
THIS? THE BOGEYMAN
SENSED IT, TRIED TO
AROUSE HIMSELF, BUT--

YOU WITCH--
YOU'VE
TRICKED
ME! I'LL--

HE'S--
SHRINK-
ING!

HERE'S
THE SHELL--
LET'S PUT
HIM IN
IT!



THERE! HE'S
BOTTLED
UP TIGHT--
FOREVER!

I DIDN'T SEE
WHAT HAPPENED,
BUT I CAN
GUESS-- ONLY--
HOW DID
YOU DO IT?



ALL TEACHERS KNOW THAT OIL
OF AMBERGRIS IS USED TO
MAKE EXPENSIVE PERFUMES!
SO, WHEN WE CAME TONIGHT, I
WORE PLENTY OF MY BEST
PERFUME-- JUST IN CASE! THE
SMELL OF THE AMBERGRIS WAS
SO DISGUISED, THE POOR
BOGEY MAN DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT HIT
HIM!

MISS
GEER,
COME OUT-
SIDE A
MINUTE!
I WANT
TO TEACH
YOU
SOME-
THING!



YAAH!
TEACHER'S
PET!



THE
END

The INDIAN PIPE

SITTING ALONE WITH it in a dingy hotel room in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Jim Cloud decided that he'd been a fool to worry so much. The theft had been simple, and it should have been obvious from the start that it would be. All he had actually had to do was stick out his hand and take it.

In itself the pipe wasn't worth much, but to the remaining members of the oil-rich Tecumseh tribe it was a priceless relic of both their religious and ancient history. Jim Cloud smiled. The tribal elders would pay well to get it back, *very* well.

He had written the ransom note and posted it a few minutes before. Now it was time to relax and begin thinking about all the things he would do with the money.

He held the pipe almost lovingly in his hands. What was it, after all? Just a piece of wood which had been fashioned centuries before and adorned with bits of colored feathers. True, it had been handed down from chief to chief as a sacred relic; many wars had been declared and many treaties signed in its presence. There were a hundred legends told of it. One which Jim Cloud had heard in childhood flashed through his mind. It told of the terrible vengeance wrought upon those who offended the god of the pipe. Jim Cloud smiled. He wasn't worried about supernatural punishment. He was a modern Indian. He had been to school, and he wasn't superstitious. Contentedly he took deeper drags on his cigarette, circling his lips to blow perfect smoke rings.

Something like a cold draft suddenly passed over him, causing goose flesh to rise along the back of his neck. The next moment he sat bolt upright in the

chair, his spine rigidly straight. Somehow, uncannily, he knew that there was something behind him, something...*awful!*

With mounting terror clutching at his heart, he forced himself to turn around. A broken cry of horror escaped him, for there, forming in mid-air from wisps of smoke, was the definite shape of an immense and ghastly object...the exact duplicate of the terrible tribal god Jim Cloud had heard so much about when he was a child.

A fearful shriek broke from him as he rose to flee from the awful specter. But the apparition was already fully formed and in an instant was upon him, its solid fingers biting into his yielding throat.

"Please!" Jim Cloud gasped as he felt the air choked off from his windpipe. "Anything! I'll put the pipe back! I didn't know! Don't do it! *Don't!*"

He knew that it was useless to beg, for even now he felt death flowing in around him as his tongue lolled in his head. Once more he tried to speak, but his voice was now no more than an agonized rattle.

At last an awful voice broke the near death-laden silence. "You have desecrated the sacred pipe," the god's fearful voice intoned. "You have disgraced your own blood and that of your tribe. For that...you must *die!*"

Jim Cloud saw nothing now but the paralyzing stare of the god's yellow eyes. He felt nothing now but the agony of his death throes. Then, all at once, he felt himself grow limp and his last thought on earth was of something he had heard as a child, a tribal legend which told of the terrible vengeance wrought upon those who offended the tribal gods...

SPECTERS of the DAM

"OLD THINGS, OLD PLACES-- THAT IS WHERE THE SPIRITS LURK!" SO GOES THE OLD SAYING, AND HOW TRUE IT WAS OF CENTERVILLE! WHEN THEY TRIED TO FLOOD THE TOWN TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW DAM, ALL THE CITIZENS FOUGHT BACK-- INCLUDING THE DEAD ONES! FOR A TALE OF CHILLING SUSPENSE, READ THE STORY OF MODERN INDUSTRY'S BATTLE WITH...
"The Specters of the DAM!"

SHE, TOO, MUST DIE! THROW HER FROM THE TOWER!



AS HEAD ENGINEER, IT WAS PAUL KELLER'S JOB TO TELL CENTERVILLE THE BAD NEWS--

...AND BECAUSE THE NEW DAM WILL FLOOD THE WHOLE VALLEY, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR HOMES! I'M SORRY--

IT'S AN OUT-RAGE!

WE WON'T DO IT!

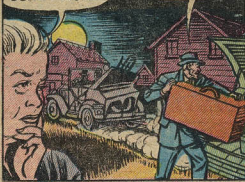
HALL



BUT ONE SMALL VILLAGE COULD NOT FIGHT PROGRESS! SO, A FEW DAYS LATER--

I-- I CAN'T LEAVE! OUR FAMILY'S BEEN HERE FOR GENERATIONS!

DON'T FRET, MA-- WE'LL BUILD A NEW CENTERVILLE-- UP ON THE HILL!



NOR DID THE LIVING FORGET THE DEAD--

MOST OF THE COFFINS ARE ROTTEN AWAY-- HAVE TO MAKE NEW ONES!



ON HIGHER GROUND, A NEW CENTERVILLE-- A NEW CEMETERY--

WE'LL LEAVE 'EM HERE TONIGHT-- START GRAVE-DIGGIN' TOMORROW!



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE VILLAGERS SLEPT,
THEIR ANCESTORS STIRRED IN THEIR COFFINS --
AND ROSE, COLD FURY IN THEIR DEAD HEARTS!

OUR AGE-OLD GRAVES HAVE BEEN UPTURNED,
OUR REST DISTURBED! RISE, MY FRIENDS,
AND LET US **WREAK REVENGE ON
OUR TORMENTORS!**



NEVER DID THE MOON LOOK DOWN ON SUCH A
GHASTLY SIGHT -- AS LONG-BURIED MEN RE-
TURNED TO CLAIM THE DARK GROUND
THAT WAS THEIRS!



THE BUILDERS OF THE DAM, CAMPED NEAR THE VILLAGE,
AWOKE TO SUDDEN SCREAMING HORROR!

MEDDLERS--
PREPARE
TO DIE!

ARGHH!

HELP!



ARROUSED FROM HIS QUARTERS NEARBY,
PAUL ARRIVED TO FIND THE CAMP A
SHAMBLES OF DEATH!

THERE THEY GO,
PAUL, I TH- THEY
WERE **LIVING
DEAD MEN**.
I TELL YOU!

NONSENSE! I THINK
I **KNOW** WHO DID
IT! WE'LL MAKE
SURE -- IN THE
MORNING!



BUT-- NEXT MORNING --

THE WHOLE GANG'S
LEAVING, PAUL--
WE'RE NOT BEING
PAID TO GET
MURDERED!

WELL, I
CAN'T
SAY I
BLAME
YOU--



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AN ANGRY
GROUP OF VILLAGERS STORMED
DOWN FROM THE HILL-- LEADING
THEM, THE SCHOOL-
TEACHER, JANE DORR--

YOU **GHOUL!**
YOU'VE **STOLEN
OUR DEAD!**
WHY?

WHA--?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!



LOOK-- THE BODIES HAVE
BEEN RETURNED TO THE
CEMETERY, THE TOMB-
STONES PUT BACK
IN PLACE!



SHAKEN BY THE DREADFUL TURN OF EVENTS, PAUL DREW JANE ASIDE, RELATED THE NIGHT'S GRIEVOUS TRAGEDY...

I BELIEVE YOU, BUT YOU HAVE ONLY **YOURSELF** TO BLAME!

HMM-- NOW LET ME ASK **YOU** A QUESTION--

WHY DID YOU PEOPLE **KILL MY MEN** LAST NIGHT?

WHAT! YOU FOOL-- THOSE WHO ATTACKED YOU WERE OUR **DEAD ANCESTORS!** DON'T YOU **SEE?** YOU MUST LEAVE HERE, OR THEY WILL **KILL AGAIN!**

NONSENSE!



I SAY THE TOWNSPEOPLE DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS **CORPSES**-- TO TRY TO SCARE MY WORKERS OFF! WELL, **I'M** NOT SCARED! I'LL GET A **NEW** CREW AND **FINISH** THAT DAM!

OH, HOW CAN I MAKE HIM SEE THE **TRUTH?**

THAT NIGHT, JANE SAW THE NEW MEN WORKING AFTER DARK, TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME--

THE SPIRITS ARE SURE TO STRIKE **AGAIN** TONIGHT! I MUST TRY TO WARN PAUL! I-- I CAN'T HELP BUT-- LIKE HIM--



ON THE WAY TO THE DAM, THE BRAVE GIRL PASSED THE OLD CEMETERY! THERE, IN THE PALE LIGHT--

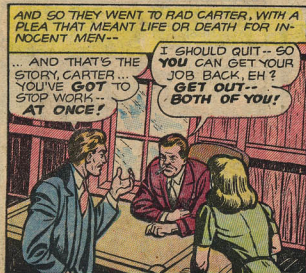
I WAS **RIGHT!** AND THE SPIRIT LEADING THEM -- **IT'S MY OWN GRANDFATHER!**

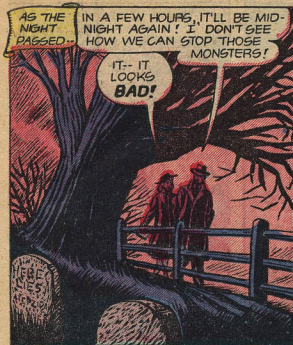
ONCE MORE WE GO TO STRIKE-- UNTIL THE INVADERS ARE DRIVEN AWAY!

NO-- WAIT! I'LL TRY TO TALK THEM OUT OF BUILDING THE DAM -- THEN YOU CAN REST IN PEACE!

SHE IS IN LEAGUE WITH THEM!







AS THE NIGHT PASSED--

IN A FEW HOURS, IT'LL BE MID-NIGHT AGAIN! I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN STOP THOSE MONSTERS!

IT-- IT LOOKS **BAD!**

SUDDENLY, PAUL STOPPED-- POINTED TO THE ROAD, FLOODED BY RAIN--

LOOK, JANE-- THIS OLD ROAD WAS ONCE A CREEK BED, RIGHT?

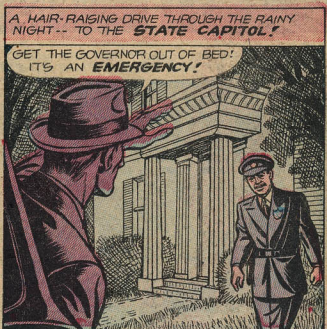
WHY, YES-- IT DRIED UP YEARS AGO! BUT WHY---

THEN-- IF WE STILL HAVE TIME -- **CENTERVILLE MAY BE SAVED!**



THIS MAY BE A DANGEROUS RIDE-- BETTER STAY HERE!

BE CAREFUL, PAUL-- **FOR ME!**



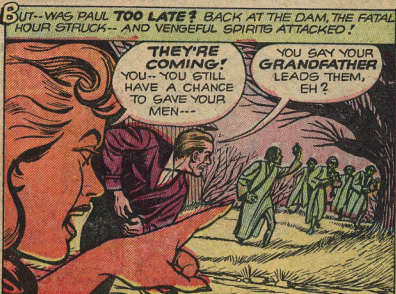
A HAIR-RAISING DRIVE THROUGH THE RAINY NIGHT-- TO THE **STATE CAPITAL!**

GET THE GOVERNOR OUT OF BED! IT'S AN **EMERGENCY!**



AS THIS MAP SHOWS, GOVERNOR, RAD CARTER **FAKED** HIS REPORTS-- SO THAT THE DAM WOULD BE BUILT AT THE **WRONG END** OF THE VALLEY, AND FLOOD CENTERVILLE!

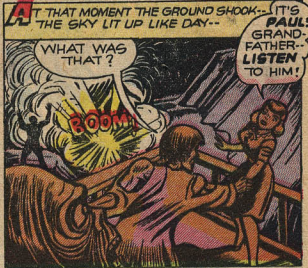
YOU'RE RIGHT-- WE'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST!**

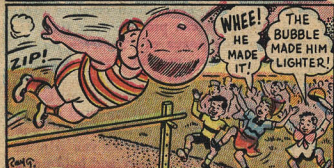
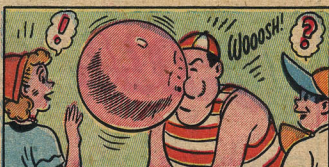


BUT-- WAS PAUL **TOO LATE?** BACK AT THE DAM, THE FATAL HOUR STRUCK-- AND VENGEFUL SPIRITS ATTACKED!

THEY'RE COMING! YOU-- YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR MEN---

YOU SAY YOUR **GRANDFATHER** LEADS THEM, EH?





F. H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PENNA.



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Newsstand

CHILL CHATTER

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO we got a letter from a Mr. David Kenemuth of Bradford, Pennsylvania. He wrote in part: "I reached for *'Skeleton Hand'* thinking it was just another comic book worth half the price of ten cents. This I found untrue, very untrue. It is the supernatural comic book I have been looking for for a long time. Honestly, it's worth 20 or 30 cents more, and I suspect many others agree with me."

Of course, fans, such letters are most gratifying to all of us here, because it means we're succeeding in the task we've set for ourselves, which is to publish the finest supernatural comic magazine in America. We've had a swelling chorus of approval, but we haven't grown self-satisfied. We know that our readers are exacting in their demands, and that nothing less than the very best will do.

To carry out the objective stated above we have been working ceaselessly to gather together a truly extraordinary staff of artists, which works hand in hand with writing and research teams. Sometimes a story is "in the works" for several months before we even begin to consider it for

publication. Only the cream of the crop, the very, very best which creative talent and hard work can produce ever finds its way into the pages of *'Skeleton Hand'*.

Examine our present issue closely. *"The Rise and Fall of the Bogey Man"* is a tremendous yarn, replete with thrills and chills right up to its unexpected climax. You'll find *"Specters of the Dam"* a shattering reading experience, as you grip the edge of your chair tighter and hold on to the last gasp-laden page. Who can resist the weird promise held forth by the very title of *"The Were-Fiends of Finland"*? There's a tale to tingle your spine, and haunt your midnights for a long time. And speaking of haunts and midnight, brace yourself for the ghastly menace of *"The Hidden Horror"*, a tense yarn of pure terror.

We'd like to know what you think of these stories. Remember, fans, our editorial policy is shaped by you. So why not join the thousands of your fellow fans who have already written to The Editor, *'Skeleton Hand'*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Here's what some of them are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I'm collecting all issues of *'Skeleton Hand'* because I think it the best in the field.

--J. Richman, Narrowsburg, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

'Skeleton Hand' is the best supernatural I've ever read, simply wonderful. *'Tomb of the Unholy Dead'* was thrilling. Let's have more.

--F. Selman, Louisville, Ga."

"Dear Editor:

I liked every one of the stories in your last issue of *'Skeleton Hand'*. Best of all was *'Grave of Doom'*. Good luck!

Henry Rogasky, Brooklyn, N. Y."

The WERE-FIENDS of FINLAND



FROM THE LOWER DEPTHS THEY CAME, STABBING THE AIR WITH FITFUL CRIES, THEIR HORRIFIC FORMS ENCRUSTED WITH THE DARK SHROUDS OF MOULDY DEATH! PRIMEVAL OOZE WAS THEIR BIRTHPLACE. EVIL WAS THEIR MASTER, AND DEATH WAS THE PRICE FOR ALL WHO OPPOSED THE WILL OF...

The WERE-FIENDS of FINLAND!

LATE ONE EVENING, IN THE RESEARCH WING OF A FINNISH HOSPITAL---

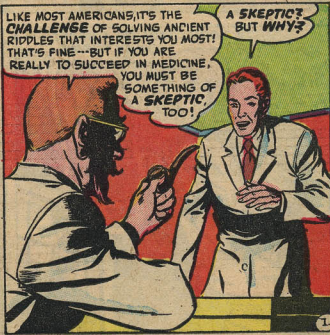
PERHAPS I'M A LITTLE TOO ENTHUSIASTIC, DR. KOLJAS, BUT IT'S MY FIRM CONVICTION THAT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH WILL SOON ANSWER SOME OF LIFE'S **DARKEST** SECRETS!

I ADMIRE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, MARK--BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T SHARE YOUR HIGH HOPES!

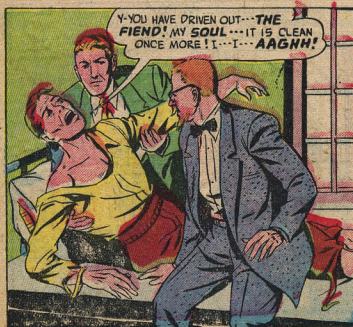
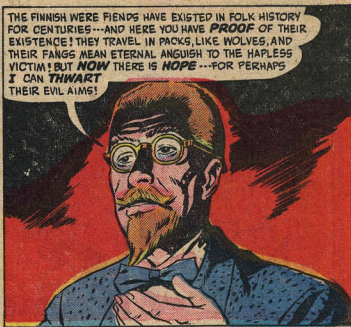
LIKE MOST AMERICANS, IT'S THE CHALLENGE OF SOLVING ANCIENT RIDDLES THAT INTERESTS YOU MOST! THAT'S FINE--BUT IF YOU ARE REALLY TO SUCCEED IN MEDICINE,

A SKEPTIC? BUT WHY?

YOU MUST BE SOMETHING OF A SKEPTIC, TOO!







THAT WEEKEND AT DR. KOLJAS' COUNTRY ESTATE...

HERE HE IS, KRISTIN... THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO HAS BEEN STUDYING WITH ME! I'VE FINALLY PERSUADED HIM TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH US!

IF YOUR FATHER HAD TOLD ME **MORE ABOUT YOU, KRISTIN...** I WOULD HAVE INVITED MYSELF!



THIS YOUNG MAN WILL MAKE A GREAT DOCTOR SOMEDAY, KRISTIN! OF COURSE, IT WILL TAKE **WORK**, LOTS OF IT!

STRANGE, DOCTOR, BUT I HAVE A STRONG FEELING I'M GOING TO HAVE LESS TIME FOR WORK! A LITTLE MORE COFFEE, PLEASE... **KRISTY!**



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, A MONSTROUS PACK RALLIES TO THE CALL OF THEIR HIDEOUS LEADER...



HAIL, LOYAL FOLLOWERS! WE MEET UNDER AN EVIL MOON, ---FOR EVEN NOW, **OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS THREATENED!**

KNOW THEN THAT A PUNY MORTAL CALLED **KOLJAS** HAS MEDDLED IN OUR AFFAIRS... AND KNOWS **MUCH!** FOR THAT, HE **MUST DIE ... TONIGHT!**



WITH FIENDISH HOWLS, THE UNHOLY BEASTS SKULK-ED FORWARD...

BEFORE THIS NIGHT HAS TURNED TO DAY, OUR HATED ENEMY WE'LL **SLAY!**



AT THAT MOMENT...

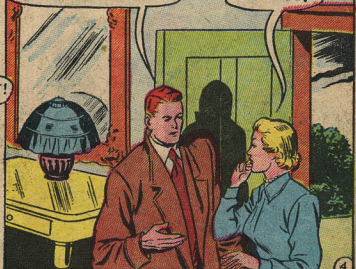
FATHER'S BEEN GONE OVER AN-HOUR! WHEN HE GOES ON THOSE LONG WALKS ALONE, I---I GET **FRIGHTENED!** H--HE'S ALREADY TOLD ME THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT HIS EXPERIMENTS---AND THOSE **C-CREATURES!**

THAT'S RIGHT, KRISTIN! A WEEK AGO I WOULD HAVE CALLED IT PEASANT **SUPERSTITION**... BUT NOW I CAN ALMOST **FEEL** THEIR PRESENCE... LIKE A **LIVING BLIGHT!**

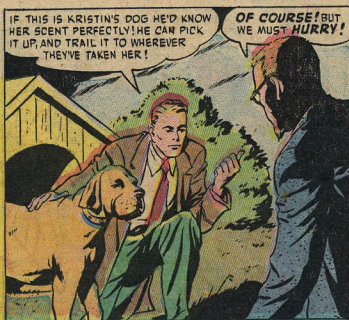
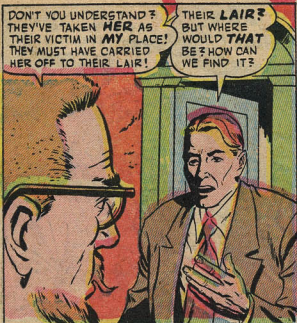


BUT DON'T **YOU** WORRY---I'LL TAKE A WALK UP THE ROAD AND SEE IF I CAN'T MEET HIM!

THANKS, MARK! ---AND PLEASE, **BE CAREFUL!**





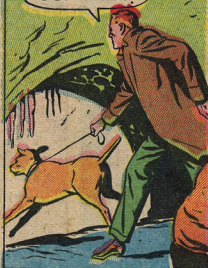


2 MOMENTS LATER...A GHASTLY SPECTACLE!

YE GODS...IT'S LIKE THE DEN OF SATAN HIMSELF! AND THESE FUMES...GASP--THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO FEED THE FIRES OF PERDITION!



THIS TUNNEL MUST LEAD TO ANOTHER CHAMBER! EASY, BOY... EASY!



4 THEN...

IT'S KRISTIN! THOSE DEMONS MUST BE ABOUT READY TO STRIKE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...AND FAST!



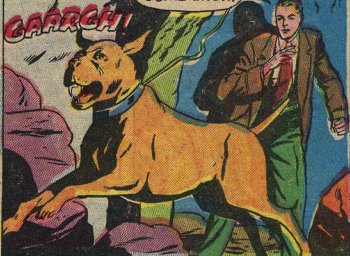
YOUR FATE IS ORDAINED, WOMAN! FIRST YOU MUST DIE, THEN YOUR FATHER! DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE MY RULE!

N-NO! D-DON'T TOUCH ME!



5 UDDENLY, WITH THE LIGHTNING LEAP OF CANINE FURY UNLEASHED...

WAIT, BOY! COME BACK!



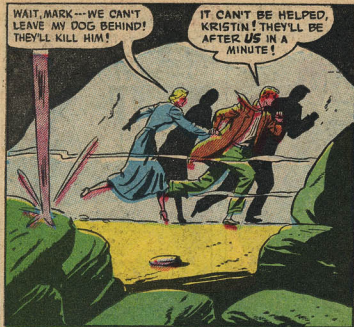
7 UNMINDFUL OF HIS OWN DANGER, THE FAITHFUL DOG SPRANG TO HIS MISTRESS' AID...



8 SECONDS LATER...

HURRY, KRISTIN! BACK THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAY! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE





WAIT, MARK---WE CAN'T LEAVE MY DOG BEHIND! THEY'LL KILL HIM!

IT CAN'T BE HELPED, KRISTIN! THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE!



AFTER THEM! THEY MUSTN'T ESCAPE! LET THEM KNOW THE UNTOLD HORROR OF OUR FANGS! FORWARD, COHORTS, STRIKE!



OUTSIDE---WORKING WITH FEVERISH HASTE---

W---WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MARK? WHY ARE YOU STOPPING TO SET FIRE TO YOUR COAT WHEN THEY'LL BE HERE ANY SECOND!

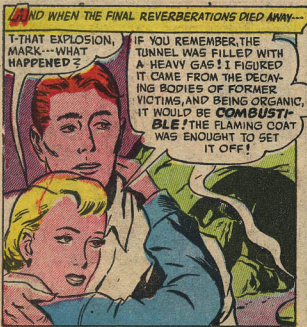
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, KRISTIN! ---WE COULD NEVER ESCAPE THEM ON FOOT! I'M PLAYING A LONG SHOT, HONEY---



---SO IT'S GOT TO WORK!



SECONDS LATER, A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION ROCKED THE SUBTERRANEAN VAULT---



AND WHEN THE FINAL REVERBERATIONS DIED AWAY---

T-THAT EXPLOSION, MARK---WHAT HAPPENED?

IF YOU REMEMBER, THE TUNNEL WAS FILLED WITH A HEAVY GAS!! I FIGURED IT CAME FROM THE DECAYING BODIES OF FORMER VICTIMS, AND BEING ORGANIC, IT WOULD BE COMBUSTIBLE! THE FLAMING COAT WAS ENOUGH TO SET IT OFF!



THEN THOSE MONSTERS WERE ACTUALLY DESTROYED BY THEIR OWN VICTIMS!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT THEIR DESTRUCTION MARKS OUR BEGINNING! LET'S TELL YOUR FATHER THE GOOD NEWS, DARLING---ABOUT THEM---AND US!

THE END!
B.

The HIDDEN HORROR



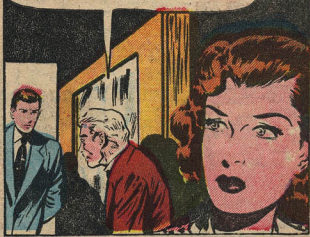
THERE WAS MORE THAN A GHOST IN THE OLD HOUSE EVERYBODY SHUNNED -- MORE THAN A MUSTY REMINDER OF WITCHCRAFT AND AN EVIL THAT HAD SURVIVED THE GRAVE! IT WAS SOMETHING THAT WAITED IN MUFFLED DARKNESS -- SOMETHING THAT LINKED CRIES OF ANGUISH WITH **THE HIDDEN HORROR!**

IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE --

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. HOLMES -- NO VACANT HOUSES FOR RENT IN THIS AREA? WHAT ABOUT THAT OLD HOUSE SIX MILES FROM HERE?

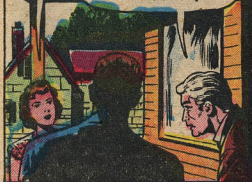
ONLY TRIED TO LET YOU DOWN EASY, SON! IT'S THE KIND OF HOUSE THAT SPELLS POISON TO REAL ESTATE MEN -- **BECAUSE IT'S HAUNTED!**

IT WAS BUILT EXACTLY **THREE HUNDRED YEARS** AGO -- BY A MAN SAID TO BE AN EVIL WIZARD! HE WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE DURING THE WITCHCRAFT TRIALS -- AND WHAT WITH LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT THE HOLE EVIL BEINGS KEEP ON ANY PLACE THEY'VE INHABITED -- THE HOUSE HAS BEEN UNOCCUPIED EVER SINCE!



IT'S NO USE, BILL! WE-- WE JUST CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO LIVE!

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU KIDS ARE UP AGAINST! TELL YOU WHAT-- IF YOU CAN STAY IN THAT PLACE FOR **JUST ONE NIGHT**, AND PROVE THAT IT **ISN'T** HAUNTED-- IT'LL BE WORTH MY WHILE TO GIVE YOU A YEAR'S RENT **FREE!**



AND SO, LATER--

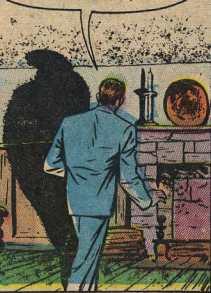
PEOPLE ARE FUNNY, MARGE! SURE, THEY'RE POSITIVE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED-- BUT I'D LIKE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY **SEEN** A GHOST HERE!



TEN HOURS UNTIL DAWN-- IN A TERRIFYING PLACE LIKE THIS! BILL... THERE'S SOMETHING HERE-- SOME PRESENCE-- THAT **SCARES** ME!



COME ON, HONEY-- FORGET IT! THIS PLACE WILL BE DOWNRIGHT CHEERFUL ONCE WE HAVE A FIRE GOING!



SUDDENLY--

GOOD GOSH-- WHAT'S THAT?



DON'T ASK ME! IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE FLOOR-- **BUT I CAN'T SEE A THING!**

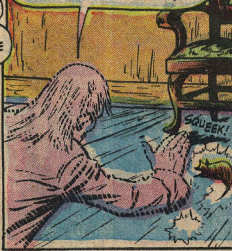


JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY-- HIDDEN IN THE LURKING SHADOWS--

BY THE DEVIL'S DAM-- THE SPIRITS OF MY VICTIMS ARE TRYING TO WARN THEM! I WILL USE MY **BLACK MAGIC**-- AND TRICK THESE TWO INTO THINKING THAT **ANYTHING** THAT HAPPENS IS DUE TO **NATURAL CAUSES!**



IN THE NAME OF TOPHET AND ALL THAT IS UNHOLY-- **LET A RAT COME FORTH!**



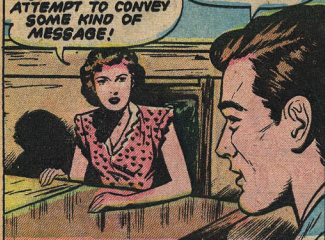
BILL-- THERE'S THAT HOLLOW NOISE AGAIN!

RELAX, HONEY! **ANYTHING** PASSING ACROSS THESE SAGGING FLOOR BOARDS WOULD MAKE A RACKET-- AND THIS TIME IT'S JUST A RAT!



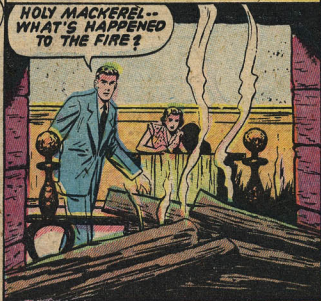
I DON'T KNOW... THIS PLACE MAY SEEM EMPTY-- BUT I'M SURE IT'S ALIVE WITH STRANGE FORCES! IT ISN'T THAT I SENSE ANYTHING EVIL-- JUST A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOME KIND OF MESSAGE!

MARGE, THERE'S NOTHING SUBTLE ABOUT GHOSTS! IF THERE WERE ANY SKULKING AROUND HERE-- THEY'D LET US KNOW BY DOING SOMETHING DEFINITE!



IN THE NEXT SECOND-- LIKE A CANDLE FLAME SNUFFED OUT BY AN INVISIBLE HAND--

HOLY MACKEREL-- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE FIRE?



THE SPIRITS HAVE GIVEN THEM ANOTHER HINT OF DANGER-- BUT I WILL OFFSET THAT! BY THE FIENDS BELOW-- LET WATER FLOW!



PERFECTLY NATURAL CAUSES! THAT'S RAIN WATER THAT HAD COLLECTED IN THE BLOCKED CHIMNEY-- ONLY TO TRICKLE DOWN WHEN THE FLAMES BURNED AWAY THE SOOT! WE JUST DIDN'T HAPPEN TO NOTICE IT DRIPPING-- UNTIL IT STIFLED THE FIRE!



I WON'T DENY THIS PLACE MAY HAVE A GRIM REPUTATION, MARGE-- BUT WHY GO INTO A STATE ABOUT THINGS THAT CAN BE READILY EXPLAINED?

BILL, I WONDER IF YOU HAVEN'T EXPLAINED THINGS TOO READILY? HAVE YOU NOTICED OUR FOOT-PRINTS?

THEY'RE ALL OVER THE ROOM-- CLEARLY VISIBLE ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE THAT SHOULD HAVE LEFT TRACKS-- AND IT DIDN'T!

YEP-- THE RAT!

GREAT GUNS-- THERE SHOULD BE SOME KIND OF TRAIL! I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!

IT CAN'T BE FIGURED OUT-- UNLESS WE'RE READY TO FACE THE TRUTH! THIS HOUSE BRIMS WITH A HIDDEN HORROR-- AND WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO IT EVERY MINUTE WE STAY!



I WON'T TRY TO TALK YOU OUT OF IT, HONEY-- BECAUSE I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE A FEW DOUBTS MYSELF! EVEN IF WE DID MANAGE TO STAY HERE THE ENTIRE NIGHT, I COULDN'T EXPECT YOU TO LIVE HERE--
SO THERE'S NO POINT IN STICKING AROUND!

I WAS WAITING TO CATCH THEM IN AN UNSUSPECTING MOMENT-- BUT NOW I MUST WREAK MY TERROR OPENLY-- BEFORE THEY LEAVE!

BILL-- BILL-- WHAT IS IT?

IN A VOICE CHILL AS A WIND SWEEPING A WINTRY GRAVEYARD--

THIS HOUSE A PIT OF FEAR SHALL BE AS LONG AS ONCE A CENTURY IT KNOWS AN ANGUISHED CRY THAT FALLS TO MARK SLOW DEATH WITHIN ITS WALLS!

DEATH! BILL-- THAT HIDEOUS THING ISN'T GOING TO LET US GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

HONEY-- WE'RE GOING TO REACH THE DOOR-- EVEN IF IT MEANS BARGING CLEAN THROUGH THAT THING!

IN THE NEXT SECOND-- AS THE GHOSTLY HAND MOTIONS IN THE GLOOM--

NOW THAT DEATH IS SURE TO STRIKE LET HIM LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE!

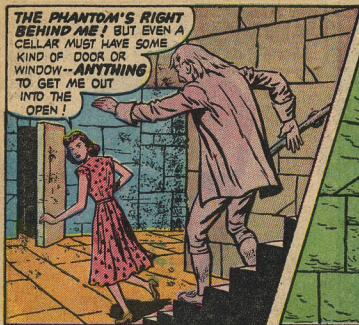
GOOD LORD-- I'M IN A COFFIN! IT'S A SPECTRAL, UNREAL THING-- BUT I CAN'T GET OUT!

AS THE SPECTRAL LID SLIDES SHUT--

BILL-- I CAN'T LEAVE YOU THERE-- IN THAT HIDEOUS TRAP!

NEVER MIND ME! GET AWAY FROM THAT GHOUL-- FAST!

I'VE GOT TO RUN SOMEWHERE! IF THAT THING GETS ANY CLOSER-- I'LL BE TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE!



THE PHANTOM'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! BUT EVEN A CELLAR MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF DOOR OR WINDOW--**ANYTHING** TO GET ME OUT INTO THE OPEN!



THANK HEAVEN-- THERE **IS** A WAY OUT!

HAA!
YES-- A WAY OUT OF LIFE!



OH! I'VE BEEN TRICKED INTO ENTERING A TINY VAULT-- AND THE SLAB'S SWINGING SHUT AGAIN!

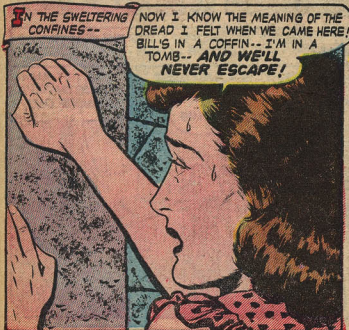
SHUT-- FOREVER!



HAAA
HA HA
HA!

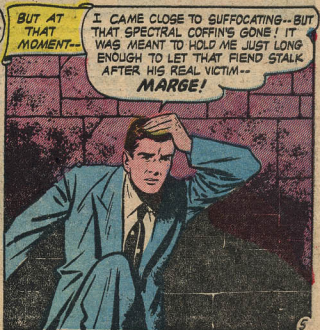
SLAM!

AS THE HIDEOUS FIGURE DWINDLES--
ANOTHER VICTIM--ANOTHER CENTURY OF TERROR! NOW I CAN FADE BACK INTO THE SHADOWS-- AND LET HER FRIEND SEARCH IN A RISING FRENZY-- WHILE SHE FACES THE ORDEAL OF A CREEPING DEATH!



IN THE SWEATING CONFINES--

NOW I KNOW THE MEANING OF THE DREAD I FELT WHEN WE CAME HERE! BILL'S IN A COFFIN-- I'M IN A TOMB-- AND WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

I CAME CLOSE TO SUFFOCATING-- BUT THAT SPECTRAL COFFIN'S GONE! IT WAS MEANT TO HOLD ME JUST LONG ENOUGH TO LET THAT FIEND STALK AFTER HIS REAL VICTIM--
MARGE!

WITH HIS VOICE ECHOING THROUGH THE SILENT HOUSE --
MOCKED BY THE DISTANT THROB OF GHOSTLY
LAUGHTER--

MARGE-- WHERE
ARE YOU?

MARGE--
MARGE--

WHERE
AAARE
YOU?

WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT ABOUT THOSE THUMPINGS
WE HEARD FROM BELOW? MAYBE SLOW DEATH
WITHIN THE WALLS MEANS EXACTLY THAT--
SECRET CRYPTS DOWN IN THE CELLAR!



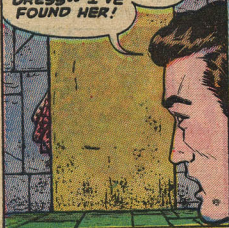
FOR A MOMENT BILL LOOKS AROUND
IN THE GLOOM-- AND THEN--

THERE'S A BIT OF CLOTH STICKING
OUT FROM THE WALL! IT'S
PART OF MARGE'S
DRESS-- I'VE
FOUND HER!

BILL-- THANK
HEAVEN! AT
LEAST IF ANY-
THING ELSE
HAPPENS--
WE'LL BE
TOGETHER!

WE'RE ENDING
THIS ORDEAL
NOW, HONEY!
COME ON--
WHILE WE'VE
GOT A CHANCE!

IT'S TOO
LATE!
LOOK!



NOTHING
CAN STOP
THAT
MONSTER--
THIS TIME
WE'LL
BOTH
BE
TRAPPED!

BUT REMEMBER WHAT IT SAID-- ABOUT
SLOW DEATH ONCE A CENTURY?
IF THIS PLACE IS 300 YEARS OLD, THAT
MEANS **THREE VICTIMS!** AND THE
FACT THAT THEY TRIED TO WARN US
**PROVES THEIR SPIRITS
ARE STILL ACTIVE!**

HASTILY, BILL GROPE ALONG THE WALL --
AND SECONDS LATER --

HERE IT IS-- ANOTHER
ONE OF THE CRYPTS IN
WHICH THAT FIEND
ENTOMBED HIS VICTIMS
ALIVE!

BILL, GET BACK--
SOMETHING'S
COMING OUT!



THEN-- AS THE DREAD SHAPE ENTERS--

BY THE
NETHER
FIRES--
HE'S
RELEASED
THEM!

HERE THAT, MARGE?
THESE MAY BE GHOSTS--
BUT WE'VE GOT
NOTHING TO FEAR!



AS THE SPECTRAL FIGURES CLOSE IN--

THEY'VE WAITED A
LONG TIME, MARGE--
**AND NOW THEY'RE
GOING TO GET
THEIR REVENGE!**

I WONDER **HOW?** SOME-
THING **THAT** EVIL ISN'T
EASILY DESTROYED--EVEN
BY SUPERNATURAL
BEINGS!



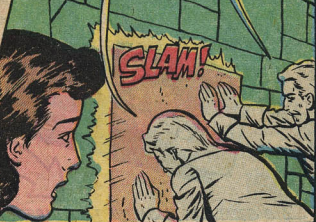
NO--NO! ANOTHER
CENTURY HAS COME
TO A CLOSE-- I
MUST FIND A
VICTIM--
TONIGHT!

NEVER-- DAYBREAK IS NEAR! NOW
THERE WILL BE ONLY **ONE**
HIDDEN HORROR IN THIS
HOUSE OF EVIL-- **YOU!**



PERISH--
AND LET YOUR
SOUL FADE INTO
PERDITION!

PERISH-- AND LET
YOUR BODY BECOME A
GRISLY REMINDER OF
WHAT YOU WERE!



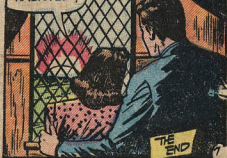
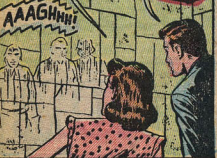
THEN-- THE SPIRITS THAT SAVED
US ARE FADING! THEY
KNOW THAT FIEND IS
FINISHED, HONEY-- AND
I'M PRETTY SURE
THE PROOF WILL BE
RIGHT HERE--
**INSIDE THE
WALL!**

AS BILL OPENS THE SILENT VAULT--

**GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S
A PHANTOM**
WAS THRUST IN
HERE ONLY A
MINUTE AGO--
AND NOW--
**IT'S A
SKELETON!**

ABOUT MR.
HOLMES,
DARLING--
WE **DID**
STAY ALL
NIGHT-- BUT
CAN WE
HONESTLY
SAY THE
PLACE
ISN'T
HAUNTED?

I'M PRETTY SURE I
CAN CONVINCE MR.
HOLMES ABOUT **THAT!**
AND IF **YOU** NEED
FURTHER PROOF,
HONEY-- DON'T
FORGET WE'VE GOT
A WHOLE YEAR
AHEAD OF US--
RIGHT HERE!



Announcing... DOUBLE-BARRELED DYNAMITE!

FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT--TWO AMERICAN COMICS GROUP FAVORITES THAT ARE HITTING NEW HIGHS FROM COAST TO COAST!

Here they are!



A HARD-HITTING, BLAZING BOMBSHELL! THRILL TO THE ROMANCE, GLAMOR AND BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT OF AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES! SEE UNCLE SAM'S SPY-HUNTERS AT GRIPS WITH SINISTER FOREIGN AGENTS... IN PAGES OUT OF REAL LIFE ITSELF! IT'S "MUST" READING FOR EVERY PATRIOT!



The GREAT LOVE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANOTHER LIKE THIS ONE! THE SWEETEST ROMANCES THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN... BUT THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!! FOR THIS IS TRUE LOVE... THE KIND THAT CAN COME TO YOU! IT'S GRIPPING, PULSING... WITH EVERY HEART-THROB PACKING A PUNCH... AND A SURPRISE! IT'S THE ONE LOVE MAGAZINE YOU'LL LOVE!

SPY-HUNTERS

Lovelorn

DON'T MISS THESE TERRIFIC TITLES!

ON SALE NOW!

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hairdo she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, catch though you may be!



NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and postman only \$1.00 plus postage. \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALICO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 506
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. J. will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

* SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



SILVER CUP
GIVEN AWAY

12" High! Given to people making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 25, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/4 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."

—F. S., New York
"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Place

☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders

☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip

☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips

☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin

☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles

☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.